



Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Collected Poetry and Prose

EDITED BY JEROME MCGANN

Yale University Press / New Haven & London

Copyright © 2003 by Yale University. All rights reserved.
This book may not be reproduced, in whole or in part,
including illustrations, in any form (beyond that copying
permitted by Sections 107 and 108 of the U.S. Copyright Law
and except by reviewers for the public press), without written
permission from the publishers.

Designed by Nancy Ovedovitz and set in Galliard Old Style
type by Integrated Publishing Solutions, Grand Rapids,
Michigan. Printed in the United States of America by
Vail-Ballou Press, Binghamton, New York.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 1828–1882.

[Selections. 2003]

Collected poetry and prose / Dante Gabriel Rossetti ; edited
by Jerome McGann.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references and indexes.

ISBN 0-300-09801-4 (cloth : alk. paper)—ISBN 0-300-09802-2
(pbk. : alk. paper)

I. McGann, Jerome J. II. Title.

PR5242.M38 2003

821'.8—dc21 2002191017

A catalogue record for this book is available from the
British Library.

The paper in this book meets the guidelines for permanence
and durability of the Committee on Production Guidelines
for Book Longevity of the Council on Library Resources.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Sonnet LXXXI. Memorial Thresholds

What place so strange, — though unrevealed snow
With unimaginable fires arise
At the earth's end, — what passion of surprise
Like frost-bound fire-girt scenes of long ago?
Lo! this is none but I this hour; and lo! 5
This is the very place which to mine eyes
Those mortal hours in vain immortalize,
'Mid hurrying crowds, with what alone I know.
City, of thine a single simple door,
By some new Power reduplicate, must be 10
Even yet my life-porch in eternity,
Even with one presence filled, as once of yore:
Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-strown floor
Thee and thy years and these my words and me.

Sonnet LXXXII. Hoarded Joy

I said: "Nay, pluck not, — let the first fruit be:
Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red,
But let it ripen still. The tree's bent head
Sees in the stream its own fecundity
And bides the day of fulness. Shall not we 5
At the sun's hour that day possess the shade,
And claim our fruit before its ripeness fade,
And eat it from the branch and praise the tree?"
I say: "Alas! our fruit hath wooed the sun
Too long, — 'tis fallen and floats adown the stream. 10
Lo, the last clusters! Pluck them every one,
And let us sup with summer; ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea."
(1870)

Sonnet LXXXIII. Barren Spring

Once more the changed year's turning wheel returns:
And as a girl sails balanced in the wind,
And now before and now again behind

Stoops as it swoops, with cheek that laughs and burns, —
 So Spring comes merry towards me here, but earns 5
 No answering smile from me, whose life is twin'd
 With the dead boughs that winter still must bind,
 And whom to-day the Spring no more concerns.

 Behold, this crocus is a withering flame;
 This snowdrop, snow; this apple-blossom's part 10
 To breed the fruit that breeds the serpent's art.
 Nay, for these Spring-flowers, turn thy face from them,
 Nor stay till on the year's last lily-stem
 The white cup shrivels round the golden heart.
 (1870)

Sonnet LXXXIV. Farewell to the Glen

Sweet stream-fed glen, why say "farewell" to thee
 Who far'st so well and find'st for ever smooth
 The brow of Time where man may read no ruth?
 Nay, do thou rather say "farewell" to me,
 Who now fare forth in bitterer fantasy 5
 Than erst was mine where other shade might soothe
 By other streams, what while in fragrant youth
 The bliss of being sad made melancholy.

 And yet, farewell! For better shalt thou fare
 When children bathe sweet faces in thy flow 10
 And happy lovers blend sweet shadows there
 In hours to come, than when an hour ago
 Thine echoes had but one man's sighs to bear
 And thy trees whispered what he feared to know.
 (1870)

Sonnet LXXXV. Vain Virtues

What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?
 None of the sins, — but this and that fair deed
 Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.
 These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell
 Might once have sainted; whom the fiends compel 5
 Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves

This collection, however, is the collected poetry and prose, and needs to be considered in that light. Including much of Stevens' prose gives insights into his thinking and aesthetics that may be harder to glean, particularly given Stevens' canonical status in modernist American poetry. The Library of America addition is nice, well-edited, and a solid physical object that will probably last. The prose section includes *The Necessary Angel* and also a good deal of miscellaneous material. The texts have been critically edited and important material such as the celebrated lines which Stevens cut from *The Man whose Pharynx was bad* can be found in the notes. The presentation and binding are up to the high standards of the Library of America. *Collected Poetry and Prose*. EDITED BY JEROME MCGANN. Copyright Date: 2003. His translations are original poetical works in their own right. Jerome McGann, a leading figure in nineteenth- and twentieth-century scholarship, presents a generous selection of Rossetti's poetry, prose, and original translations. The collection, which includes important writings unavailable in any edition of Rossetti ever printed, is accompanied by McGann's learned and critically incisive commentaries and notes. eISBN: 978-0-300-12945-8. Subjects: Language & Literature.